CHARLTON GROUP COMICS

SCOOBY DOO.. WHERE ARE YOU!

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CHARLTON PUBLICATION

Hanna-Barbera's

SCOOBY DOO..

WHERE ARE YOU!

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Hanna-Barbera

SCOOBY DOO... IT'S DYNAMITE!

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND THIS LETTER FROM UNCLE RUDOLPH ASKING US TO COME TO FORT ROCKS BECAUSE HE NEEDS HELP.
WHAT'S SO HARD TO UNDERSTAND, VELMA?
I DON'T HAVE AN UNCLE RUDOLPH!
I THINK I SEE WHAT YOU MEAN, VELMA!
THE MYSTERY MACHINE
FORT ROCKS
D-8082

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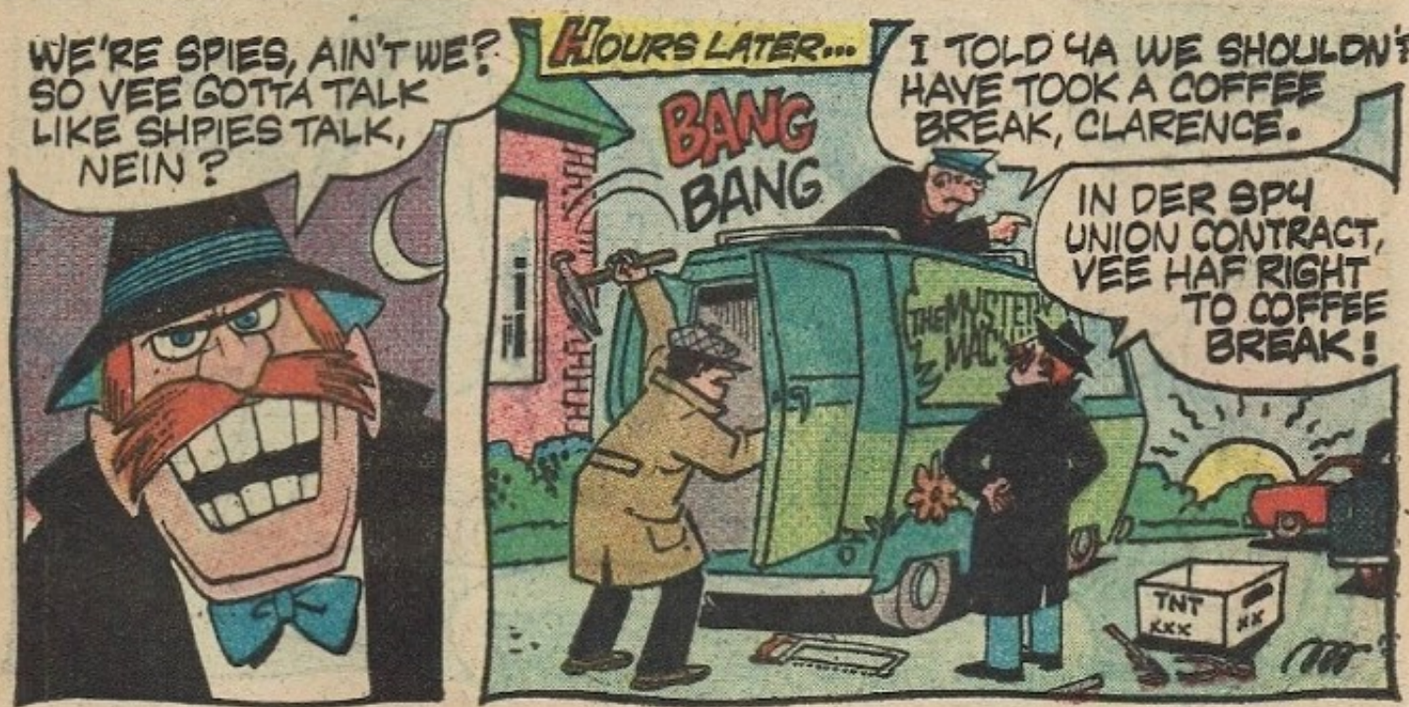
ARE YOU SURE YOU DON'T HAVE AN UNCLE RUDOLPH, VELMA?
I HOPE THE BEDS ARE COMFORTABLE, SHAGGY!
THERE'S ONE BED, SHAGGY! WE'LL DRAW STRAWS TO SEE WHICH ONE OF US GETS IT.
?
OKAY. THERE'S A BROOM. I'LL GET THE STRAWS.
YOU PICK FIRST, MARK! THE SHORTEST STRAW GETS THE BED.
I'LL TAKE THIS ONE!
I'LL TAKE THE ONE THAT'S LEFT.
I'VE GOT MINE!
I COULD SWEAR I ONLY TOOK TWO STRAWS!
SHAGGY, DO YOU EVER GET THE IDEA SCOOBY DOO IS SMARTER THAN US?
ZZZZZ
2

MEANWHILE....
VEE HAF PLENTY OF TIME! VEE DO GOOT CHOB!
SI. WHEN WE FEENISH, THEIR STUPIDO AUTO-MOBILO WILL BE A BIG BOMBA!
WHY DON'T YOU DUMMIES TALK RIGHT? YOU AIN'T FOREIGNERS!
FORT ROC
MOTEL
TNT
XXXX
XXX


WE'RE SPIES, AIN'T WE? SO VEE GOTTA TALK LIKE SHPIES TALK, NEIN?
HOURS LATER...
BANG BANG
I TOLD YA WE SHOULDN'T HAVE TOOK A COFFEE BREAK, CLARENCE.
IN DER SPY UNION CONTRACT, VEE HAF RIGHT TO COFFEE BREAK!
THE MYSTERY MACHINE
TNT
XXX
XX

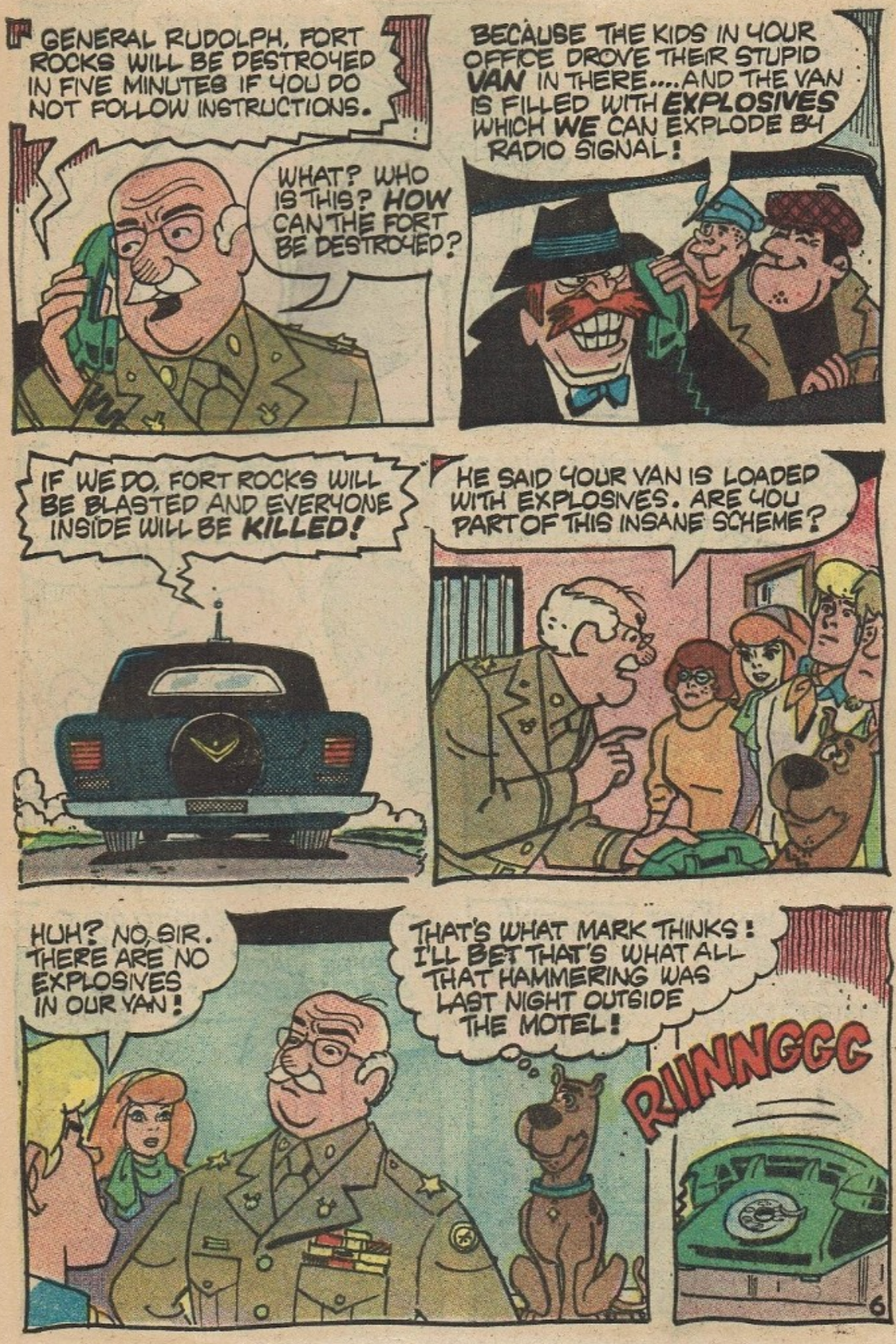
TO LOOK AT THAT STUPID VAN, YOU'D NEVER THINK IT'S A HUGE BOMB!
TNT
XXX

WHEN THEY GET INSIDE FORT ROCKS, WE'LL TELEPHONE GENERAL RUDOLPH RUDOLPH AND TELL HIM TO LOAD THE VAN WITH GOLD OR WE'LL BLOW UP THE WHOLE PLACE!

I FEEL MUCH BETTER! I REALLY SLEPT WELL!
SCOOBY DOO LOOKS HAPPY TOO, VELMA.
MARK, WHAT'S WRONG? DIDN'T YOU SLEEP WELL?
YOU HAD TO ASK?
THAT'S ODD. I SLEPT JUST FINE!
I KEPT HEARING SOMEONE HAMMERING ALL NIGHT!
FORT ROCKS 1 MILE
SO DID I! MAYBE SOMEONE WAS FIXING HIS WATCH!
WHAT'S YOUR UNCLE RUDOLPH'S LAST NAME, VELMA?
I DON'T KNOW. WE'LL JUST HAVE TO ASK FOR UNCLE RUDOLPH.
UNCLE RUDOLPH SENT FOR US, COLONEL.
STOP
FORT ROCKS
YOU MEAN GENERAL RUDOLPH, SIR? GO STRAIGHT AHEAD, SIR.
4

CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE

OUR PLAN IS WORKING PERFECTLY SO FAR!
JA WOHL! WHEN DER DUMB KIDS GO IN ZIE GENERAL'S OFFICE VE MAKE DER TELE-PHONE CALL!
FORT ROCKS
ARE YOU UNCLE GENERAL RUDOLPH RUDOLPH?
I DOUBT IT VERY MUCH, YOUNG LADY.
FORT ROCKS
THE MYSTERY MACHINE
DANGER KEEP BACK
HOW CAN YOU BE SO SURE, SIR?
BECAUSE I DON'T HAVE ANY NIECES OR NEPHEWS, YOUNG LADY.
OH.
THIS IS THE NOTE I RECEIVED, GENERAL RUDOLPH.
IT'S A RUSE TO GET YOU INSIDE FORT ROCKS BUT WHY?
RIINNGG
THANK YOU, SCOOBY DOO. I HEARD THE PHONE TOO.
5


GENERAL RUDOLPH, FORT ROCKS WILL BE DESTROYED IN FIVE MINUTES IF YOU DO NOT FOLLOW INSTRUCTIONS.
WHAT? WHO IS THIS? HOW CAN THE FORT BE DESTROYED?
BECAUSE THE KIDS IN YOUR OFFICE DROVE THEIR STUPID VAN IN THERE....AND THE VAN IS FILLED WITH EXPLOSIVES WHICH WE CAN EXPLODE BY RADIO SIGNAL!
IF WE DO, FORT ROCKS WILL BE BLASTED AND EVERYONE INSIDE WILL BE KILLED!
HE SAID YOUR VAN IS LOADED WITH EXPLOSIVES. ARE YOU PART OF THIS INSANE SCHEME?
HUH? NO, SIR. THERE ARE NO EXPLOSIVES IN OUR VAN!
THAT'S WHAT MARK THINKS! I'LL BET THAT'S WHAT ALL THAT HAMMERING WAS LAST NIGHT OUTSIDE THE MOTEL!
RIINNGGG
6

ALL THAT GOLD IN FORT ROCKS WILL BE LOADED IN THE KID'S VAN AND THEY WILL DRIVE OUT. IF YOU DO NOT OBEY.... YOU WILL BE BLOWN TO BITS!!!
I GUESS I HAVE NO CHOICE!

DOES SCOOBY DOO THINK HE CAN TALK?
NO, BUT SHAGGY DOES! HE ALWAYS KNOWS WHAT SCOOBY SAYS!
BZZ BZZ

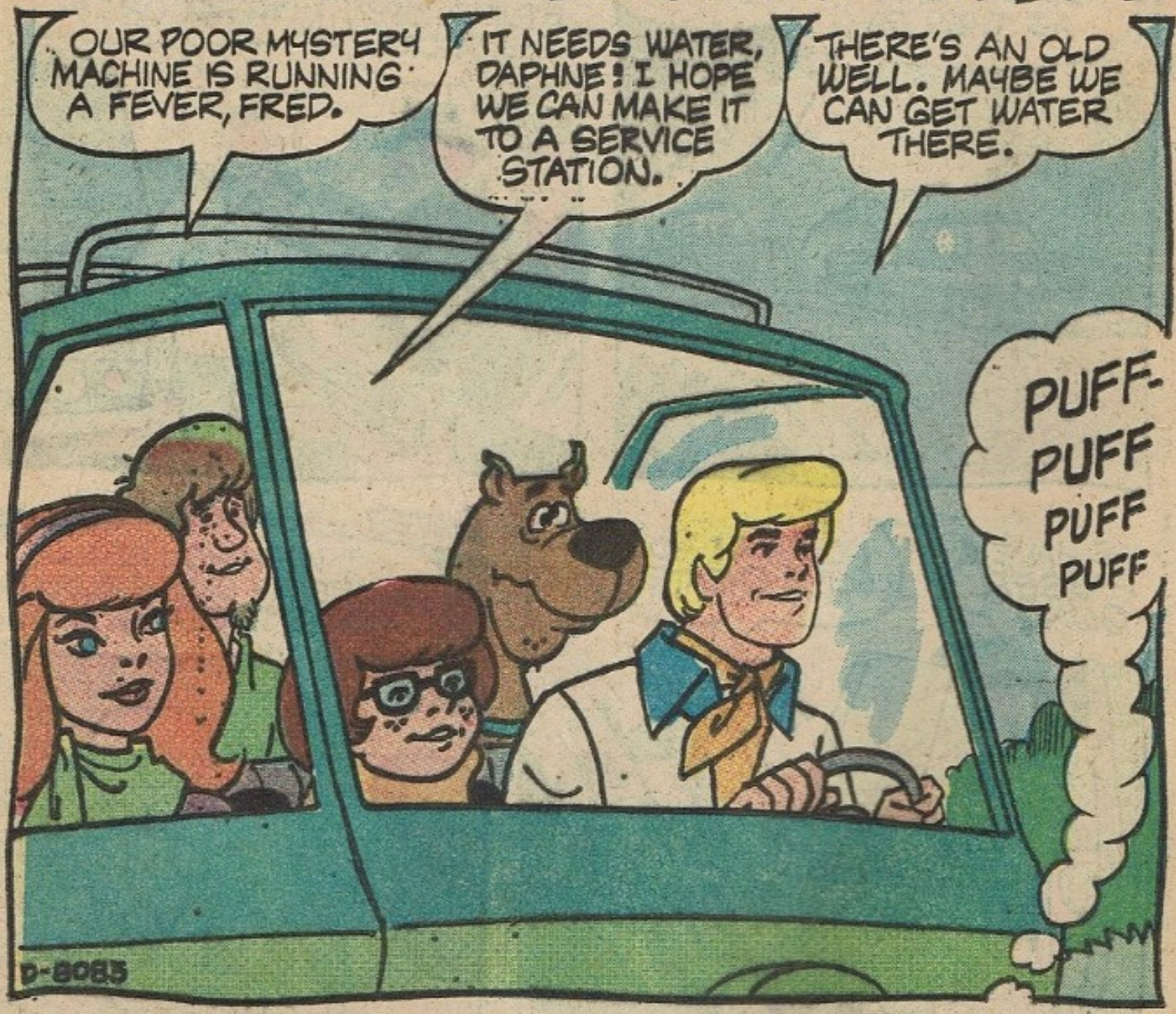
HERE'S WHAT SCOOBY SAID, GENERAL. BZZ BZZ BZZZ. UNDERSTAND?
WOOOF!

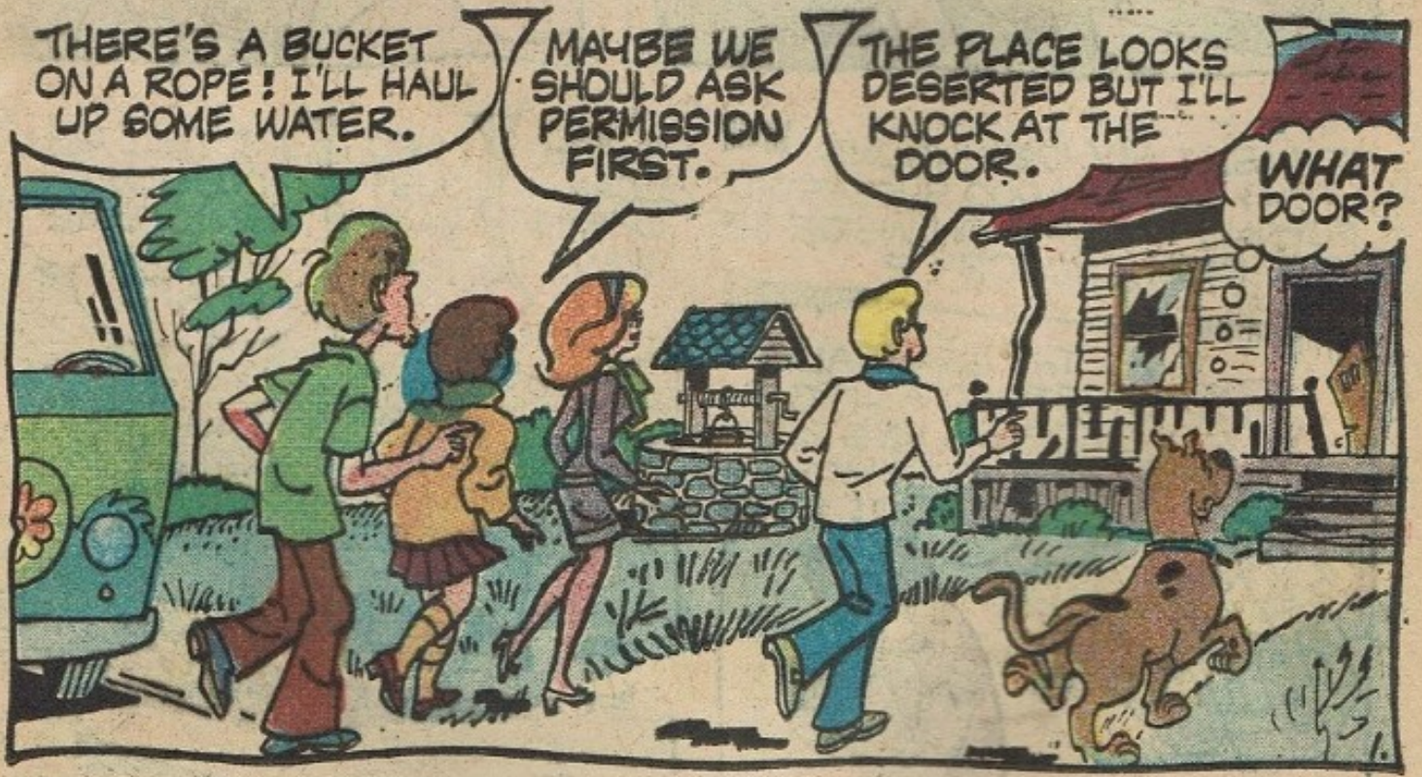
FILL THE VAN WITH GOLD. YOU HAVE YOUR INSTRUCTIONS!
YES, SIR!
LOADING PLATFORM
THE MASTER MACHINE

THE BAD GUYS SAID TO DRIVE OUT THE GATE AND TURN LEFT! THEY'RE WAITING IN A BLACK SEDAN!
FORT ROCKS

THERE THEY ARE! GENERAL RUDOLPH SAID TO DO EXACTLY AS THEY SAY.
DO NOT TRY ANYTHING STUPID. OPEN THE DOORS.
THEY HAVE GUNS, SHAGGY! OPEN THE DOORS!
WE HAVE A BIGGER GUN!
NO FAIR! YOU GUYS CHEATED!
LATER...
I WISH YOU REALLY WERE MY UNCLE RUDOLPH YOU CAPTURED THE SPIES.
IT WASN'T MY IDEA, YOUNG LADY! SCOOBY DOO SUGGESTED PUTTING THE CANNON INSIDE THE VAN, RIGHT, SCOOBY?
THE GENERAL'S GETTING A LITTLE FLAKEY. HE'S BEGINNING TO THINK I CAN TALK TOO!
WHICH I CAN... WHEN I WANT TO!
WHO JUST SAID THAT?
IF I TELL YOU, YOU WON'T BELIEVE ME ANYHOW, MARK!
THE MYSTERY MACHINE
END

SCOOBY DOO... THE WISHING WELL


OUR POOR MYSTERY MACHINE IS RUNNING A FEVER, FRED.
IT NEEDS WATER, DAPHNE! I HOPE WE CAN MAKE IT TO A SERVICE STATION.
THERE'S AN OLD WELL. MAYBE WE CAN GET WATER THERE.
PUFF-PUFF PUFF PUFF
D-8085


THERE'S A BUCKET ON A ROPE! I'LL HAUL UP SOME WATER.
MAYBE WE SHOULD ASK PERMISSION FIRST.
THE PLACE LOOKS DESERTED BUT I'LL KNOCK AT THE DOOR.
WHAT DOOR?

RAP RAP
NO ONE LIVES HERE. I GUESS WE CAN GET WATER.
WHAT IS IT, YOUNG MAN?
?
HOWDY, FOLKS.
WE GOT COMPANY, EVANGELINE.
MAKE YOURSELVES RIGHT AT HOME, CHILDREN.
HUH?
HOW'D THEY WALK RIGHT THROUGH THOSE COBWEBS WITHOUT BUSTIN' THEM?
HOPE YOU DON'T MIND IF WE GIVE OUR MYSTERY MACHINE A DRINK. THAT'S A NICE CLEAR WELL YOU HAVE THERE.
IT'S A SPECIAL WELL, YOUNG MAN! IF YOU TAKE ONE SIP OF THE WATER AND MAKE A WISH ...YOUR WISH WILL COME TRUE!
?

CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE

SLURP SLURP SLURP
GEE, HE WAS THIRSTY!
THE MYSTERY MACHINE LIKES IT. I'M THIRSTY TOO.
WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO WISH FOR, DAPHNE?
THE WISH WON'T COME TRUE, FRED ... BUT I'M GOING TO TRY IT.
DRINK FASTER, DAPHNE!
SCOOBY DOO!
WELL, DAPHNE?
I FEEL WEIRD!
POOF
THIS IS EXACTLY WHAT I WISHED FOR!

IT'S MY TURN!
WHOOOSSHH
SHE LOOKS BETTER ALREADY.
WHERE'D SHE GO?
VELMA IS MISS AMERICA!
WOW!
MISS AMERICA
I LIKED DAPHNE AND VELMA BETTER THE WAY THEY WERE BEFORE!
HEE HEE HEE! YOU'LL ALL GET JUST ONE WISH ...AND YOU CAN'T GO BACK TO THE WAY YOU WERE!
WISH FOR SOMETHING REALLY TERRIFIC, SHAGGY!
DON'T WORRY, FRED... WAIT'LL YOU SEE!
WHOOOSSHH
4

CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE

YOU'LL GET SICK IF YOU EAT ALL THAT, SHAGGY!
I'LL REFILL THE BUCKET. WOULD YOU FOLKS LIKE A DRINK OF YOUR WELL WATER?
NO, YOUNG MAN. THERE'S ONE THING ABOUT OUR WISHING WELL....
....YOU CAN ONLY MAKE ONE WISH!
WE MADE OURS, EVANGELINE.... AND IT ALL CAME TRUE!
WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO WISH FOR, FRED?
EVER SINCE I WAS A KID, I'VE HAD ONE AMBITION....
PRESIDENT
.... I ALWAYS WANTED TO BE PRESIDENT!
WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF THAT?

I ALWAYS WANTED TO BE SLIM AND BEAUTIFUL!
I LOVE MY NEW COAT AND JEWELRY!
I AM THE PRESIDENT, MAKE NO MISTAKE ABOUT THAT!
SLURP! SLURP!
THEIR WISHES ALL CAME TRUE! I LIKED THEM BETTER THE WAY THEY WERE... AND SHAGGY'S GOING TO GET SICK FROM ALL THAT ICE CREAM!
MISS AMERICA
PRESIDENT

SLURP-SLURP
I'LL BET SCOOBY DOO WISHES FOR A GREAT BIG BONE!
THAT'S WHAT HE THINKS!
WHOOSSH
HEY, I CAN'T SEE!
WHAT... WHAT HAPPENED?
I'M CHUBBY AGAIN!
MY BEAUTIFUL COAT!
MY WISH WAS....I WANTED EVERY WISH ANYONE HAD COME TRUE....BE TAKEN BACK!

THE OLD FOLKS ARE GONE SO WE CAN'T THANK THEM FOR THE WATER. I GUESS WE'D BETTER LEAVE TOO!
SCOOBY DOO!
REMEMBER WHEN WE MADE OUR WISH SO LONG AGO, DEAR. WE DIDN'T EVER WANT TO DIE.... AND WE'VE BEEN SO UNHAPPY THIS LAST HUNDRED YEARS OR SO!
WE CAN REST NOW, EVANGELINE... THANKS TO SCOOBY DOO!
END

GIANT SIZE

"Are you sure that you folks want to get involved in this?" the sheriff asked Fred and his friends. "This is risky business. Every car that goes down Dead Man's Drive vanishes off of the face of the earth without a trace. We don't know what happens to the cars or the drivers. They just disappear!" stated the sheriff sadly.

"It sounds dangerous, but danger is our business," answered Fred bravely.

Scooby Doo gulped loudly. Nervously, he trembled from head to toe. Shaggy shook in his shoes. They were too frightened to answer.

"Don't worry, Sheriff," said Daphne. "The mystery is as good as solved right now. We'll get into our van and go down Dead Man's Drive as soon as it gets dark. We'll find out what happened to those other cars or we won't come back!"

"What do you mean by that?" Shaggy stammered.

"She means that if we don't solve the mystery, then we'll probably vanish just like everyone else did," explained Velma.

Shaggy gulped. Scooby shook. They didn't want to go down Dead Man's Drive after dark. Dead Man's Drive was a lonely, old, dirt road that went through Phantom Pass. It was a nice place to visit in the daytime, but after dark it was a dangerous place to be.

Supposedly, Phantom Pass and the surrounding mountains were haunted by goblins, ghosts and ghouls.

"It will be a while before the sun sets, so why don't we have dinner before we head for Dead Man's

Drive?" suggested Fred.

"That's a good idea!" admitted Shaggy and Scooby happily. "If we have to disappear, I don't want to vanish on an empty stomach," Shaggy joked.

Out of the sheriff's office they strolled. "Good luck," the sheriff called to them as they moved toward the hamburger stand across the street.

Dinner lasted until dark. Shaggy had twelve burgers and six milk shakes. Scooby managed to swallow seventeen hamburgers. By the time the sun was down, they were filled up!

Into the van they piled and off they sped toward Dead Man's Drive as the full moon rose.

As they rolled along at a fast pace, Scooby whispered, "I'm thirsty."

"Sorry, Scooby, but we can't stop now," replied Shaggy as the van coasted down Dead Man's Drive and into Phantom Pass.

Suddenly, a huge shadow covered the van. A mysterious, monstrous creature was hovering above them. Quickly, giant claws clamped onto the roof of the van.

"Step on it, Shaggy!" Fred ordered. "We've got to get away from whatever is following us."

"The gas pedal is all the way to the floor, but we're not going anywhere," Shaggy sighed.

Scooby looked out of a window. "Yipes!" he bellowed in a frightened tone.

Everyone quickly looked outside. Much to their shock and dismay, they were no longer on the ground. They were sailing through the clouds. A giant eagle the size of a jet plane was carrying them up, up, up into the sky.

Minutes later, they arrived at a secret cave high up into the mountains. The eagle flew into the cave and gently lowered the van onto the ground. Immediately, Scooby and his pals piled out.

"This is a scientific laboratory," said Fred. The cave was filled with marvelous machinery.

"Look at that!" screamed Velma as she pointed at rows and rows of stolen cars. Near the cars was a tiny bird cage filled with miniature men the size of mice. "Who would do such an awful thing?" she stuttered.

"I would!" screamed a mad scientist as he leaped out of the shadows. "I'm Dr. Boris Carloft. I've developed a formula that can shrink people or make them into giants! I use my eagle to steal cars. Then, I shrink the drivers. Soon, I'll be able to open my own used car lot. Then, I'll get rich!" he shouted insanely. "Now it's time to shrink all of you into midgets!"

Scooby hadn't been listening to the mad scientist's speech. Eating seventeen hamburgers had made him thirsty. He was searching for something to drink. When he saw a bowl of cool liquid on a shelf, he quickly gulped it down. Scooby didn't know that it was growth formula.

Instantly, he began to grow. Soon, he was even bigger than the giant eagle.

When Scooby saw Dr. Carloft threatening his friends, he growled. One growl from a giant Scooby was enough to make the mad doctor mend his evil ways.

Immediately, he returned everything to its normal size — including Scooby. The sheriff was summoned and the mystery was solved.

"You're a real hero!" Shaggy said to Scooby as the sheriff led Dr. Carloft away.

Scooby smiled weakly. He was too sick to be happy. He'd eaten a giant size meal and now he had a giant size, upset stomach!

5406

SCOOBY DOO... THE GHOST OF JAMES JESSE
AM I SEEING THINGS ?
I THINK WE ALL ARE! IT LOOKS LIKE THE JAMES JESSE GANG PULLING AN OLD WEST BANK ROBBERY!
C'MON, BOYS, HEAD FO' THE BADLANDS!
BANG
BAM
BLAM
BANK
D-8084
THEY MUST BE THE GHOSTS OF THE JAMES JESSE GANG!
THEY MIGHT BE GHOSTS.... BUT THE BULLETS ARE REAL!
BANG
ZINNNGGG
MYSTERY MACHINE
HOTEL

STOP THIEVES!
BANK
I DON'T BELIEVE IT! THAT LOOKED LIKE THE JAMES JESSE GANG... BUT THEY'RE ALL DEAD!
THEY WERE USING LIVE BULLETS!

I THOUGHT IT WAS A JOKE AT FIRST BECAUSE TODAY IS THE 100TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE JAMES JESSE BANK ROBBERY RIGHT HERE.
YOU MEAN THE FAMOUS JAMES JESSE GANG HELD UP THIS SAME BANK A HUNDRED YEARS AGO?

THAT'S RIGHT, SONNY! AN' THE SAME JAMES-JESSE GANG HELD UP THE REEDSVILLE BANK A MONTH AGO! JUST EXACTLY....
.... ONE HUNDRED YEARS LATER! OH, WOW! THIS IS FANTASTIC!

LET'S FIND OUT WHERE THE NEXT ROBBERY IS GONNA BE!
YOU MEAN ...?
EVEN I KNOW WHAT SHAGGY MEANS!

EXACTLY! WE'LL LOOK UP A HISTORY OF THE JAMES JESSE GANG AND SEE WHAT CRIME THEY COMMITTED AFTER THE EASTFIELD BANK ROBBERY!
LIBRARY

HOW MANY HISTORY BOOKS DO WE HAVE TO READ TO FIGURE OUT WHERE JAMES JESSE'S GANG WILL STRIKE NEXT?
I DON'T HAVE TO READ A BOOK TO KNOW THEY'RE D-E-D, DEAD!
OLD WEST
TREES
LOOK....THEY HELD UP THE BANK HERE IN EASTFIELD ON JUNE 12TH, 1876....AND THEN HELD UP A STAGECOACH OUTSIDE TIPTON JUNE 14TH.!
TIPTON'S ABOUT TWENTY MILES FROM HERE.
BUT THERE AREN'T ANY STAGECOACHES NOW!
THERE COULD BE A STAGE-COACH!
THEY'RE CRAZY! LIVE OUTLAWS ARE BAD ENOUGH BUT DEAD ONES WHO SHOOT REAL GUNS ARE WORSE.
BECAUSE YOU CAN'T SHOOT THEM BACK!

WAIT A MINUTE WHERE COULD WE GET A REAL STAGECOACH?
RIGHT HERE, SHAGGY! WE'LL CONVERT THE MYSTERY MACHINE INTO A STAGE-COACH!
WE'LL PUT BIG FAKE WHEELS ON THE SIDE AND MAKE A FAKE STAGECOACH BODY AROUND OUR MYSTERY MACHINE!
SO....
I ALMOST BELIEVE WE'LL FOOL THE JAMES JESSE GANG!
WE'LL GET A COUPLE OF HORSES TO HITCH TO THE FRONT!
I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT HORSES! WHO'LL DRIVE?
YOU'LL RIDE SHOTGUN, SHAGGY.
THAT ISN'T EVEN A REAL GUN, FRED!
THAT'S ALL RIGHT, SHAGGY.... THESE AREN'T REAL OUTLAWS EITHER!

I GOT THESE HORSES FOR $200 APIECE, FRED.
YOU SHOULD'VE WAITED FOR YOUR CHANGE. OH, WELL.... LET'S HITCH THEM TO THE MYSTERY MACHINE.
SHAGGY, ARE YOU SURE YOU HITCHED THOSE HORSES RIGHT?
OF COURSE I'M SURE.
I DON'T KNOW WHY, SHAGGY, BUT IT DOESN'T LOOK EXACTLY RIGHT!
I'LL TURN THEM AROUND, VELMA. GET IN THE MYSTERY MACHINE.
WE'RE ALL SET, FRED! LET'S GO!
GIDDYAP!
I DON'T THINK THEY HEARD YOU, FRED!
GIDDYAP! MOVE! GO!
? ?
5

VROOOM
HEY, WE'RE MOVING!
ONE OF THE GIRLS STARTED THE MYSTERY MACHINE, THAT'S WHY.
PUT PUTT PUT PUT PUT
WATCH FOR THE JAMES JESSE GANG, SHAGGY! TODAY IS JUNE 14TH.... THE DAY THEY HELD UP THE STAGECOACH TO TIPTON 100 YEARS AGO!
WATCH IT, SHAGGY! THE HOLD-UP HAPPENED AT THE TOP OF THE PASS!
PUT PUTT PUT PUT
I DON'T SEE ANY OUTLAWS, FRED!
CRACK!
TIPTON 3 MILES
THIS IS A HOLD-UP! STICK 'EM UP!
D-D-DROP YOUR GUNS!
6

CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE

BANG
DROP IT, TENDERFOOT!
ZINNNGGG
THROW DOWN THE STRONG-BOX, DUDE!
D-DUDE? M-ME? Y-YESSIR.
BLAM BAM
IT'S HEAVY! I'LL BET THERE'S A LOT OF CASH IN THERE!
?
?
?
?

BOINNGGG

LET'S SPLIT THE BREEZE, GANG!
OOF!
GAAAA!
WHOOOSH
THUD

IT WORKED, FRED!

YOU DUDES DON'T FIGHT FAIR!
HEY, FRED... THEY'RE NOT GHOSTS!

LATER...
LET'S DRIVE TO CHICAGO!
OH, NO! JAMES JESSE, I DON'T MIND.... BUT WE MIGHT RUN INTO GANGSTERS FROM THE ROARING TWENTIES IN CHICAGO!
EASTVILLE JAIL
END